



T H E

Rakish Husband.

GOOD people give attention,
To my unhappy lot,
I once was a good fellow,
And lov'd my pipe and pot:
When I had money store,
I minded nothing more,
But at the alchouse with good fellows,
Us'd to rant and roar:

© then I went a whoring,
And drinking up and down,
While my poor wife was seeking me,
In all parts of the town.
And with tears in her eyes,
She oftentimes to me would cry,
Consider Jewel, be not cruel,
Unto your family.

© then I did abuse her,
And bid her to go home,
I would not be controuled,
For I that night will roam.
Thus I did grieve her sore,
'Till I'd spent all my store,
So I went on till all was gone,
And I could spend no more.

At length I did return home,
Unto my loving wife,
She kindly then received me,
And said; come my dearest life.
I pray you now be kind,
Your wife and children mind,
Then joy and pleasure out of measure,
We shall quickly find.

My wife from her relations,
She did some money raise,
Then begg'd of me both night and day,
To leave my wicked ways.
But it was all in vain,
I prov'd as bad again,
For I did curse her and abuse her,
So to drinking fell amain.

Come all you rakish Husbands,
A warning take by me,
Pray love your wife and children,
And shun bad company.
Leave off gaming and the whores,
Pay off your Al-house scores,
They'll laugh and sneer, and at you jeer
When you have spent your store.